

Good Morning 743

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Sir Humphrey de Trafford, steward of the Jockey Club, chatting with Steve Donoghue.

"No Funny Business," is Jockey Club Law

IT is an old joke about the Jockey Club that there is not a single jockey who is a member.

The Jockey Club has between 50 and 60 members, and the greater part of its work is done by three stewards. The stewards for 1945 are Sir Edward Hamner, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Lord Willoughby de Broke.

These names are some indication of the standing of members of the Jockey Club, but it would be wrong to suppose that it consists entirely of aristocrats and rich men.

The members are all men of standing, and generally with a long tradition of racing, but they are not chosen because of their wealth.

They do not receive payment for their services to racing, and it is the integrity of the Jockey Club over nearly 200 years that makes the British turf the cleanest in the world. The Jockey Club has ruled with an iron hand, and always jumped very hard on any "funny business."

In racing, the Jockey Club is all-powerful, and when it investigates an alleged scandal or infringement of the rules, it does so with a thoroughness and fairness that would do credit to a court of law.

The famous lawyer Sir Edward Marshall Hall once asked a witness where he learned to give evidence so well, hoping to come back with the retort that he had learned it off by heart.

The witness simply replied: "I learned it from the Stewards of the Jockey Club," and everyone understood what he meant!

The penalties which the Club can impose are a fine up to £100 and "warning off" the turf, a serious matter for anyone making a living on racing.

They can also, through Tattersall's Committee, deal with anyone who fails to pay betting debts. Tattersall's Committee deals with all matters relating to bets.

The Stewards "try" cases relating to alleged fraud or corruption, and settle all disputes connected with racing. The Jockey Club also makes the Rules of Racing and arranges fixtures.

Steeplechasing is dealt with by the National Hunt Committee, which has about as many members as the Jockey Club, and appoints five or six stewards.

Racing in Britain was already well established when the Jockey Club was formed by a small number of men meeting at the Red Lion Inn at Newmarket in 1750.

They framed the rules, and through the years that have passed have guided English racing with conspicuous success, encouraging the best strains in racehorses with the aid of the Stud Book and the Racing Calendar, both of which publications they took over in the 18th century, and have continued to publish since.

The headquarters are still at Newmarket.

The Jockey Club has sometimes been accused of being too conservative in its outlook. In 1941 it appointed a committee to consider ways of improving post-war racing.

This committee reported in 1943 and recommended, amongst other things, that the cost of racing to owners should be reduced.

There are indications that the Jockey Club is becoming more conscious of the fact that racing owes much to the millions of ordinary men and women who support it, as well as to owners and trainers, and that the amenities of racing will be improved in the post-war period.

But of one thing we can be sure. It will be just as difficult to try any "funny business" and get away with it. The racing public owe an immense debt to the Jockey Club, under whose benevolent despotism horse-racing has changed from a casual sport into one with millions of followers.

R. L. Stephens

They Got the Bird in Berkeley Square

MOST of us know the amazing story of Gilbert and Sullivan. How between them, though they detested each other, and seldom met, they contrived the biggest theatrical success of all time.

Every night for well over half a century a curtain has risen somewhere on an opera by G. and S.

Nearly all Gilbert's lyrics were a mockery of the Law, the Church, the Army, Navy or the House of Lords, and he incurred Queen Victoria's keen displeasure in consequence.

Sullivan, on the other hand, she knighted early in his career.

Sullivan composed some fine tunes along with his comic operas. There was, of course, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the words of which Baring-Gould wrote to cheer up the youngsters of his day, who tramped so regularly, but usually unhappily, to Sunday School.

The hymn is not only the children's favourite still, but what military church parade is complete without its martial strains?

Sullivan's melody for "The Lost Chord" came straight from the composer's heart. He wrote down the notes, which bubbled up unbidden as he sat by the bedside of his ailing brother.

WROTE WITHOUT A WORD.

Sir Arthur's musical sense was unique. One afternoon he sallied forth with a friend to find a new acquaintance's house of which he only dimly remembered the whereabouts. Walking up to a number of residences in turn, he gently kicked the boot-scrappers.

"Ah," he said, at last, "listen—E flatt! I remember now, this is the house."

Their millions of fans the world over would never have heard the G. and S. comic operas had it not been for this admirable, if odd partnership. Nor would either of the partners have been able to achieve this signal success without the other.

One of the pair's lesser successes was "Box and Cox," and,

Martin Thornhill concludes his series on "Famous Song Hits"

oddly enough, there is a present-day partnership between two men bearing these names. The first song that Messrs. Elton Box and Desmond Cox planned together was "Algeron Willie Augustus Wifflesnoop John."

They hammered this out in three hours, and it was not exactly a best-seller. But many of the songs that have since been produced by this team certainly were—for instance, "When They Sound the Last All Clear" and "When the Poppies Bloom Again."

Writing a song may be easy for those who know how, but to compose a hit often needs an element of luck allied with real hard work. There are very few people in this country who have managed it, or who can even make a living from song writing.

But those who do it are

teamsters who would not work any other way.

One of Jimmy Kennedy's first sensational hits was "Isle of Capri"; it was the joint work of Jim Kennedy and Will Grosz. Another enormous hit by the same team was "Red Sails in the Sunset."

From this partnership have issued quite a lot of best sellers—"Harbour Lights," "Poor Little Angelina," "Ten Pretty Girls."

"The Washing on the Siegfried Line," "South of the Border," "Hometown," and "Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?" were also the result of successful team work—this time, Jimmy Kennedy with Michael Carr.

Early in 1944 two of the most successful song writers in London decided to go into partnership—Noel Gay, composer of "The Lambeth Walk," and Hugh Charles, who gave us "There'll Always Be an England."

This song was itself the outcome of team work between Hugh Charles and Ross Parker, and it has been one of the most successful songs of recent years.

To date it has sold well over 500,000 copies in England alone, and is still being bought to the tune of three to four hundred every week.

With its Hollywood tie-up, for it has been incorporated into a number of American films, "sheet" sales will very likely exceed a million in all. This team also collaborated in the great favourite, "We'll Meet Again," the signature tune of Vera Lynn.

Manning Sherwin winces when you hum to him, or even

mention, "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square." For Sherwin is rather sick of that bird, though it has proved a mighty lucrative one to him and Eric Maschwitz; they composed it between them.

A world hit like this one may well represent £4,000 to its writers. In addition there is a continuous stream of revenue from gramophone records, cinema performances, B.B.C. and restaurant playings and what not, received quarterly through the Performing Rights Society.

Though these are mere dribbles compared with the original sales of a song, they represent royalties which may carry on for five, ten, fifteen, twenty years after the song was first marketed. The words of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" were written by Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford, and it was on the first line that Novello based the complete melody.

First offered for pantomime, the song was turned down. Renee Mayer then sang it at a

USELESS EUSTACE



"Oi! Get me another can of paint, and step lively!"

Sunday League Concert at the Alhambra, Leicester Square, London. She had to sing it four times.

Within a week it was sweeping Britain; inside a month the whole Empire was singing it.

In the years that followed, popular approval harvested for the triumphant team no less than £16,000!

VISITORS

THERE was a plague of lady-birds at Ramsgate. They descended on the town in clouds; millions were crushed underfoot and by vehicles in the streets. Most disturbed were sunbathers, who found themselves tickled in a hundred places. Even the beach donkeys were covered with lady-birds. The invasion lasted two hours. Then the insects disappeared.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.



Country Calendar for Sto. Jim Stevens

"THE Sergeant-Major's Serenade," sung over and over again, for six hours, in fact; that must be a record even for submariners. That, however, was what we were told about your last big celebration, Ldg. Sto. Jim Stevens. It was your sister, Dorothy, who vouchsafed this information when we called at Hodson Farm, Elsworth, Cambs, to see how your folk were enjoying country life.

Your father was out for his daily walk when first we called, so we went for one ourselves to try to find him. We didn't find him. We found Dorothy instead, who told us he had arrived back at the farm, having taken a different lane from ours, so we went back, and found him and your mother waiting for us.

Mum was holding Joan, your sister's baby, whom you have not yet seen. You will find it a real pleasure meeting her for the first time, Jim.

Their good feelings towards Elsworth probably have something to do with Mr. Hodson's kindness during the years your people have been with him. He joins them in sending you best wishes for the future, after you have made a safe return.

Ronnie and Terry were at school, and Her-

bert working, but they left messages with your father to say how much they are looking forward to your getting back.

Herbert, by the way, is liking his job, which keeps him out in the open all the time, and he very much wants you to see him doing it.

Sister Violet—she of the auburn hair, as your mother said, or just plain "Ginger," as Dad calls her—is working now in Bedford, and liking it very much. The part which, perhaps, she likes most is being able to get home at week-ends.

A message from sister Nellie tells you that all the folk at Elm Park are well and that they hope you will be paying them a visit before long.

That message travels the whole length of England and is repeated again up North, where Joy—from whom your mother hears regularly—sends you all her love and is eagerly looking forward to seeing you again.

Meanwhile, Dad has got the welcome-home party well organised. As Chairman of the Troop Fund Committee, he assured us that the funds are growing, and a real slap-up time should be had by all when the Elsworth boys

"Luck Don't Come Twice"

NOW, if Dave Dunnel had said beating the clipper down on the "no man ever caught fish with a going, with our sails as flat as a board against the wind." that he was off to steal starboard with the weight of sea runnin' like this and more to board against the wind. It's the golden galleon! The dory is to row over to her beside them stood big Dave and float a buoy. I'm going to back him and slaved for him to Dunnel in his oilskins droning peel my skins when I get the get it. He had brought us through out the course in his usual half-mains'l fixed." too many tough squals for us to forget.

But to go after a run of fish that might lead us well into the North Atlantic—well, maybe he was going to bring in a cargo of stinking fish just to let the owners see what his parting gift was like!

We sent up the signal, of course. It floated in the gale.

From one or two other clip-pers there came the inquiry flag asking us to tell them what was the matter with us. But Dave Dunnel didn't answer the inquiries.

We brought the pick out of the mud and nosed round for the open to the chorus of the Gulf chantey.

We're off to the Gulf of Mexico For fish that's high and fish that's low.

Swing her out, boys. Yo ho! A clipper's luck is all she'll get. We may get gold and we may get wet.

But we love the life, oh, yes, you bet!

We DON'T think, boys, Yo ho!

By the time we reached the open sea we knew we were in for a backward glance at the two tugs coming after us showed their bows in a smother of foam and spray. Their funnels were belching out smoke thick and black, and their dory!

masts were swinging from port to starboard in long, wide semi-circles.

To them we must have looked a sight. We had come out on the foresail only, and the seas were

Paddy Malone came over the knighthead on the top of a billow and landed in the waist on his back.

I was holding on to the stantions roaring at the boys who were fighting with the foresail when he grabbed my legs and held on. When the wave passed he clawed his way up and stood beside me. His face was cut, and his clothes were dripping.

"I wonder," says he, "if we'll get much gold out of that galleon?"

"It's fish we're after," I roared back. "You've ripped my skins enough already. Take a grip on the back."

He let go his hold of me and grabbed the rigging.

He let go his hold of me and grabbed the rigging.

"Bosun," he cried, "you're crazy, but you can't fool me. How th'ell can we get fish in a hurric'ne? There's a blow out there that'll last for days yet. Even them tugs is making heavy weather of it. It's the golden galleon we're after."

What I was about to answer was never said, for just then the one-and-only mate's voice came from the poop.

"Bosun, call all hands! Shake the mains'l and rig the dory!" I nodded back and turned to me.

"You know what that means," said. "It means over there among the reefs."

I didn't answer, for I, too, was raced along, but we didn't have much time to think, for the sea

Continuing THE GOLDEN GALLEON

"Better keep your skins on," I said, but he didn't pay any attention.

We hung on to that mains'l for quite a bit, then seeing that it would be blown away if we let her all out, we put double reefs in it. The tack we had been compelled to take out past the headlands of Barataria Bay had brought us some ways behind the two tugs.

It was all right for them. They had steam and just ploughed ahead. Any man could do that; but it needs a real sailor to handle a clipper in a gale; and big Dave Dunnel was there all right.

There is an old rivalry between the tugboat men and us Gulf clippers, and I saw our one-and-only mate keeping his eye on the smokestacks of the tugs whenever they heaved up above the billows.

Paddy Malone came up from below where he had gone to strip out of his skins.

He looked aft and I saw him rubbing his chin thoughtfully. Then he looked at the one-and-only mate. Then he looked at tail-end of Cuba, and the tugs were going full pelt, too.

Then I thought I knew what was tacked if we were going in after the golden galleon. We were heading straight out for the tail-end of Cuba, and the tugs were going full pelt, too.

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fit to take the beard off a billy-goat and our rail was dipping all the time.

From the companionway the head of Old Mike bobbed up.

"Bosun," he said, "you can tell the mate I'll volunteer for the wheel to take her in to the galleon. I know the tricks of know that a race was on. Old them reefs, and we'll be alongside that gold ship in an hour or two."

I clawed my way aft and bawled up to the one-and-only what Old Mike said, thinking he'd appreciate the offer of the best seamen in the whole fleet of clippers.

Instead of that Dunnel just kind of smiled and nodded.

"Is that so?" he said. "Thank Old Mike from me and tell him I'll need him to steer later maybe. That's all, bosun."

You could have knocked me flat with a look. Here was the one-and-only mate of a seining boat thanking one of the hands for offering to take the wheel!

Dunnel had all the manners of the big deep sea skipper just then; and he was telling me to mind my own business and leave the sailing of the clipper to him. Well!

I went forward and told them what had happened and the boys began to scratch their heads.

By this time we had passed the point where we ought to have tacked if we were going in after the golden galleon. We were heading straight out for the tail-end of Cuba, and the tugs were going full pelt, too.

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was getting worse and worse; faces turned on us. I looked but I figured that the one-and-aft at our mate. He was picking only mate was having a race with his teeth with that pin! the tugs just to show them that On we came and then, at the our clipper could beat them even exact moment, he made a sign to the two men at the wheel, Flutter went the jib; a shiver passed through the mainsail. Over tending sheets. We had them went the sheets to starboard and down to within the vibration for a second we hung there; of an inch or so; and then from but only for a second.

We picked up the rearmost and round went the spokes and tug by evening and tacked in the clipper's head-came up close to her with the breeze

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QUIZ for today

1. Name two famous comedians with the first name of "Harry."
2. In what county is Epping Forest?
3. Who invented roller skates, where and when?
4. For what do the letters M.P.S. stand?

5. If you knew a Mr. Mar-joribanks, how would you pronounce his name?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Answers to Quiz in No. 742

1. Will Hay; Will Fyffe.
2. Leicestershire.
3. Jubal, about 3870 B.C.
4. Doctor of Civil Law.
5. Man-er-ing.
6. Clay-pipe is all in one piece; others aren't.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

IN search of accuracy, Columbia studio research experts spent days trying to find out what type of underclothing should be worn in their new film, "The Fighting Guardsman," which is a dashing romance of the Louis XVI period.

The script of the film demands that the hero should deal with the King's tax collectors by relieving them of their gold and stripping them down to their underwear, but every book and picture consulted showed only fully-clothed figures, except one, in which Voltaire was dictating to his male secretary while pulling on trousers over his nightshirt!

It was decided that the men of the period did not wear underclothes—at least, not in France.

However, even accuracy must be forsaken here, decided these diligent researchers, and in the picture all men will be adequately under-clothed!

PAULETTE GODDARD, who collected bouquets for many years as a vivacious, brunette charmer, has become a "honey-blondie" and intends to stay that way.

She is now all set to develop a "blonde personality," whatever that may be, and this is her reason for the change.

Says Paulette: "The boys like it. My husband and his friends do a 'rave' every time they see me. So now I'm definitely an ex-brunette."

There you have it. Now all you have to do is wait until you see her being a "honey" and decide which you prefer.

DOROTHY LAMOUR is nothing if not obliging. Her latest job has been the autographing of dozens of sarongs that fans serving in the South Seas have sent her for that express purpose.

COMES the threat of the Marx Brothers' return to the screen after many years away from it. The film will be called "A Night in Casablanca."

On hearing of this, Warners protested, as the title, they affirmed, was too much like their Casablanca.

Back came the Marx Brothers' rejoinder: "Yeah, but who'd think we were Humphrey Bogart or Ingrid Bergman?"

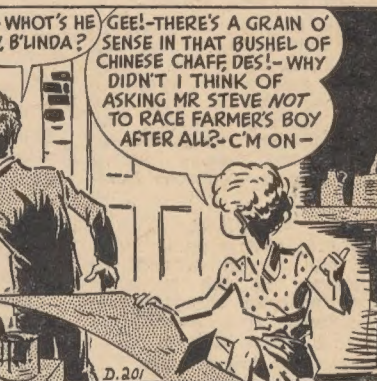
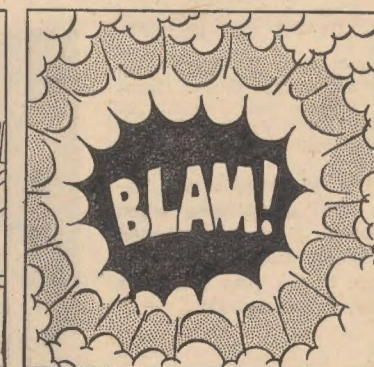
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 681

- 1. Behead a tasty dish and make it mature.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Gilth nyam krow kame danish.**
- 3. What two edge-tools can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **That so-called fungus — its name and poisoned me.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 680

- 1. C-age.
- 2. Don't put all your eggs in one basket.
- 3. Time.
- 4. Nomads, damsons.

JANE

The Golden Galleon

(Continued from Page 2) had got going. In his pocket he had a lot of sandwiches which he began to eat as he sat on the edge of a locker.

"Bosun," he said, turning to me, "How's the ice?"

"The ice," I answered, "is about all gone. If we're after fish we'd better turn round and pick up what we can get. Maybe we'll make a hundred barrels with luck."

"Is that so?" he said. "And are you boys very disappointed we were dowsing the jib and that we haven't gone after that golden galleon?"

It was Old Mike that spoke for the rest of us.

"It was a chance, sir," he said. "Luck don't come twice to sailormen. But we can't get back there now until this blow falls flat. We're over two hundred miles south by this time, and the gale's blowing fit to bust itself."

"Is that so?" said Dave quietly. "All right. We'll keep

on the tail of that tug for a day or so. Maybe there's another golden galleon in the Gulf."

And with that he rose and went aft to his bunk to lie down. We hung on to the tug all that day and all the next night.

The gale was lessening by this time, but the waves were still high and thunderous, and they were coming over the bows in a procession.

Just about dawn on the third day Dave Dunnel came up on deck and looked all round the sea rim. Away to the east we saw a feather of smoke which we took for the trail of a Havana mailboat. The one-and-only looked at it through his glasses carefully; then he brought his eyes on to the tug, which was some distance on our port.

"Bosun," he yelled, "clap on of the sail she'll carry. This is the end of the race."

We had the clipper's sheets out in no time and now Dave took the wheel himself.

I thought this was about the funniest way he set about level with the tug.

Her skipper was there in his glass house, and he came out when Dave waved his arms for him. Then the one-and-only mate began to bawl.

"You'll find easy money nearer home!" he roared. "I've beat you to it!"

Up went the megaphone of the tug's skipper and his voice came across the water to us through the wind.

"What are you trailin' me for? I'm out to get lost ships. Go after your fish and mind your own business!"

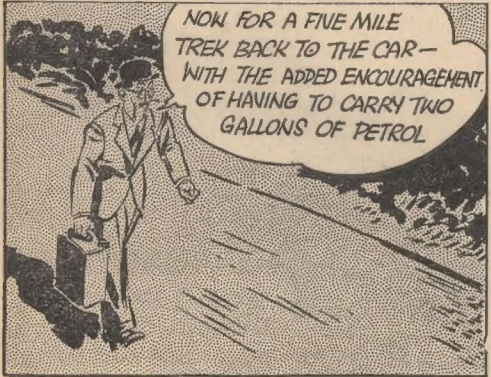
"I trailed you because you had the position!" roared back Dunnel. "I'll take the job on my own now. Take your steam boiler home!"

And with that he dropped his hands and took the wheel from Old Mike and round came the clipper's head once more and off we went on the east tack.

(To be concluded.)



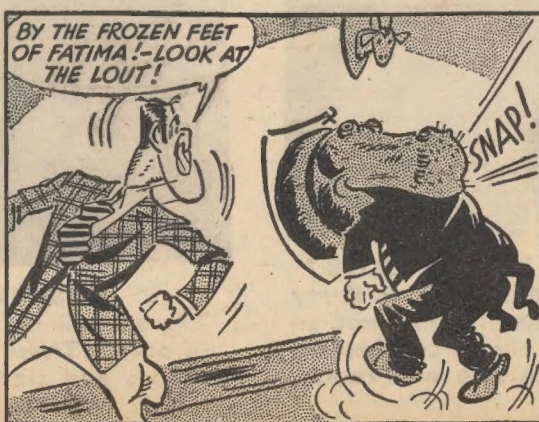
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

THE man who lit up the ships is dead. Mr. Killingworth Hedges was 92 when he died, and he could look back on a series of remarkable improvements in the life of seamen and dock workers, some of them directly due to his own inventive genius.

He was one of the earliest pioneers in getting electric lighting put in ships.

He was the first to persuade dock authorities to install electric light for their employees. This was at Liverpool in 1878.

He was interested particularly in safeguards against lightning, and was responsible for protective measures against it at St. Paul's Cathedral, among other well-known buildings.

Incidentally, it was Mr. Hedges who originated the idea of popular tea-shops. That was in 1878, too.

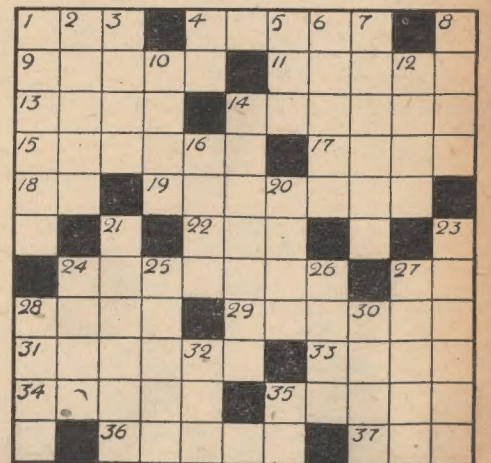
THERE'S one man in England who hasn't yet been officially repatriated from the last war but one. He's Mr. B. S. Townroe, of Nottingham.

Twenty-six years ago Mr. Townroe was physically demobilised from the Army, and since then has lived the peaceful life of a civilian. He thought he had done with the Army.

To his astonishment, he received a telegram from the War Office the other day stating "We have no evidence of your release from the Forces."

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CLASSIC DAN
LIDO RAPINE
ANDOVER VOW
IN TON FINS
MET TEPID Y
TIDE REEK
B GUSTO DER
ACHE HOB RA
ROT DEFIANT
DOLLAR TREE
SKY WEASELS



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Beldam. 4 Pelt. 9 Wrong. 11 Pare. 13 Perambulate. 14 Rings. 15 Mineral. 17 Animals. 18 Printing measure. 19 Child. 22 Climber. 24 Special gifts. 27 About. 28 Unmixed. 29 Stock of wine. 31 Hire. 33 Mud. 34 Birds. 35 Reel. 36 Time. 37 Look inquisitively.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Small cable. 2 With force. 3 Fowl's wattle. 4 Because. 5 Tree. 6 Small bottle. 7 Meddle. 8 Cape. 10 Satire. 12 Turn. 14 Intonation. 16 Contend. 20 Fruit. 21 Butt. 23 Only. 24 Air. 25 Let. 26 Spill. 27 Cutting instrument. 28 Cask stoppers. 30 Crossed curve. 32 Precious stone. 35 Thus.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND.—Two moorland children bathe in a moorland stream. In the shadow of lovely old Hexworthy Bridge, which spans the River Dart. When the problem arose, "Who is going to mind our clothes?" the spaniel stood guard.



NEW MEMBER FOR THE JOCKEY CLUB? Laughing-eyed, auburn-haired Francis Rafferty looks swell in her racing silks. We're not so sure about her nag — but, all things considered, we think we'll have a nimble bob on Francis, each way.



Stepping it neatly, heel and toe, are these two dancers in their ballet skirts. If you think they are "prima ballerinas" doing a "pas deux," you've another guess coming! They are tough soldiers of the Evzones Regiment, doing a folk dance in the Barracks Square in Athens.



STEP-INS. Pop's pin-up girl seems to be wearing those "step-ins where angels fear to tread." But then, perhaps, she's no angel.



SUNDAY ROAST! Danielle Darrieux exposes the old body to the beneficent rays of the sun. We can only hope, for the sake of Danielle's dignity, that the playful wind doesn't take a hand in the game—for the bath towel could so easily become airborne! Incidentally, "How do you like your legs done, Danielle?"



BASKET-MAKING ON THE BANKS OF THE STREAM. The ancient craft of weaving baskets is still carried on in this old island of ours. These men cut the withies and plait them into baskets of all shapes and sizes—for all purposes. The only sort of "basket" they can't make is that big basket, Herman Goering!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

